

POISON PEN DIPS IN SHARON'S POLITICS, SOCIETY AND BOOZE

Citizens of Bay State Town Dissected Morally With Amazing Freedom.

WOULD LYNCH CULPRIT

Outraged Folk Offer \$1,000 to Get Author of Self-Chosen Vigilance Committee.

BLUE LAW IN BACKGROUND

Might Be Solved if Jim McTiernan Asks Lenny Bunch, but It Seems He Won't.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

SHARON, Mass., March 3.—If Lenny Bunch can be induced to tell what he knows about a certain day at the Readville racetrack when a certain party leaned over to the wife of the biggest whiskey runner between Providence and Boston and said, "How about it?" all this mystery about the very embarrassing letters that citizens of this town have been receiving since Tuesday will be dissipated.

"And while I ain't volunteering nothing about nobody," said Mr. Bunch to-day, "one word from me and all Jim McTiernan's got to do is arrest a guy who don't live five miles from Shike's drug store. Take it from me liquor's mixed up in this and politics comes in for a piece of the responsibility and social jealousy—there's a lot of that here."

"Let Jim Tiernan come to me and ask me. All I can say to you is that I know about that day at Readville—Oh, rosh, that day at Readville!"

Virtually everybody in this town has his or her suspicions about the identity of the author of the letters. Jim McTiernan, who is the Chief of Police here, says that Lenny, who drives a radical taxicab, doesn't know anything about it, and refuses to question Lenny.

Seth Budlong, who drives a delivery flier for Stewart & Kincaid, says the writer of the epistles is sore because the Selectmen refused to permit Sharon to be the halfway station for the whiskey runners who did business between Boston and Providence.

Others say it all dates back to before last Christmas, when one of the social leaders of the town tried to run the catata, that a few ladies were getting up, and was grossly insulted by a parvenu from down in the lower end of Norfolk county. It seems that boys were being coached to sing the choruses in this cantata and the society leader was exhorting them to greater vocal efforts.

"Open your mouths, boys," she is

alleged to have said. "Open your mouths. Sing like women, boys, sing like women. There's nothing so beautiful as the voice of woman."

"True, true," snapped the parvenu, "in moderation."

And that was that. But no matter what the cause of all this disturbance, the fact is that Sharon is just about ready to commit suicide. Folks refuse to visit Sharon, they say, because there's no telling who'll be included in the next batch of letters, which is scheduled to appear just a week from to-day. And nobody dares move away for fear neighbors will follow to the railroad station, shaking their heads and muttering: "I told you so."

The letters took two forms, but both contain the same importunities. It is difficult for a citizen of Sharon to maintain his equilibrium when he is informed that his wife "bells up and down Depot street all day" and "sleeps with her head out of the window at night."

It's no wonder that Bill Herrick, the lawyer, refuses to speak to Henry Cooper, the janitor of the Town House, after Henry nopes it around that Bill has been called a "dopy dhyeter" and a "bow-legged ambulance chaser."

And if Mrs. Joe Perce never speaks to Mrs. Ed Hanningan again it's solely because Mrs. Hanningan laughed immoderately because Mrs. Perce was likened in contumacious to a potato.

They're not publishing all the names of those who are attacked in the letters. Nobody believes Edgar Mace Hixson wrote them or had anything to do with them. Mace Hixson is a member of the Board of Assessors and it was his name misspelled thus, "Mace Hixson," that was signed to the epistles.

Most of the letters were dated February 22 and all were mailed in Boston. This one is typical of the lot:

"There has been organized in Sharon a secret society to be henceforth known as the Sharon Vigilance Committee, which has as its objective the banishment of unworthy residents through the medium of wide and continued publicity. They recommend for the betterment of the town that the following persons be thrown out (names omitted here):

— the Sharon burglar, and his drunken uncle,

— the windbag, with his (sneaky, behind-the-tree) wife,

— the scandal monger, and his tribe,

— and her drunken brother.

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.

— and his auto thief relatives. — the burglars who robbed \$400 from Shike's drug store. This was the first time — performed in Sharon, but — has been arrested for stealing and picking pockets under various names in Boston; remember the piece in the paper.

— the Irish traitor (did you know he was arrested in —)? Watch our next report for his police record), who drinks more booze (on the quiet) than any man in Sharon; is naturally crooked, and a pillar of the church, but good on donations to save his soul from hell.

— the nationally known crook, who is now hiding from the Chicago police officials, double crossed and sold out his friends on the world series baseball games and left millions of American kiddies whose heart and soul was in baseball, crying. Instead of hanging his said, crooked head in shame he wraps up in furs. How long are we to stand for this?

"Watch for our additional list, which will be issued after the March 10, 1921, meeting, with additional information."

"This notice is being sent to each of above, Sharon clergy, town officials, telephone operators, Sharon business men, Boston Police Department, Sharon police and over 150 leading citizens of Sharon. We are at a loss to understand why Sharon should be overladen with undesirable and take as the most effective means, publicity to rid them. Watch for our March 10 bulletin with

additional information on the above, and an amended list of reproaches.

"Mace Hixson (ink signature).

"For purposes of secrecy the name of secretary is anonymous. Only through the utmost secrecy and wide and continued publicity can we gain results."

Mr. Hixson not only says he knows nothing about the letters, but dares anybody to ask him who his enemies are. So incensed is Mr. Hixson, and justly so, that he has taken to his house and let it be known that he is prepared to defend his privacy with a shotgun.

There are those who say it is all British propaganda. Others insist that renegade Sinn Feiners are mixed up in it. Everybody has a theory. To-day some one told Jim McTiernan that he heard some one say, in front of Wait Roache's barber shop, that just before the town elections something was going to drop. Jim says he'll arrest the man who said that if the man who told him he heard it can recollect who made the original statement.

Despite the fact that virtually everybody suspects some one whom nobody else suspects, Jim McTiernan and the Selectmen got together to-day and decided to do a bit of sleuthing after four men and one woman. To make it all the more exciting, citizens chipped in and raised a fund of \$1,000 to be paid to the person apprehending and jailing the author.

"And that means more trouble," sneered Lenny Bunch. "Whoever gets the thousand will be in for it around

here. I ain't driven in taxicab in Boston and Sharon and gone to New York twice every year for fifteen years for nothing. Let them come to me and I'll tell them about that certain day at Readville—Oh, gosh! That day at Readville."

Down at the railroad station Hen Eberle was saying: "Personally I don't take stock in these letters. Generally you find that sensational letters are written by the folks receiving them, only that ain't so in this case, because they're all alike—the letters, I mean. But it don't do the town no good."

Mr. Eberle, who works in the gas plant, referred seekers for information to Ambrose Peach, the highway surveyor. Mr. Peach received a letter, although not personally attacked in any of them. "Lynchin' would be a good lesson to the culprit," said Mr. Peach, "and more than that, the reporters who said in those Boston newspapers that the town's boosters and the real estate men did this to get advertising for Sharon ought to be lynched, too."

"There are those who suspect a religious fanatic of writing the letters. Nobody mentions names. Everybody in Post Office square talks about 'certain parties'."

So it's either politics or bootlegging, or the fight inside the social set. Mr. Bunch, who is not attracting a great deal of attention despite his talk of knowledge, insists that when the truth is known the town's population will be reduced from about 2,500 to something less than twenty.



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TABLE cookery was rapidly introduced and accepted. Manufacturers of electric cooking appliances accurately sensed the needs of the modern home and developed products that combined convenience with utility. That immediate popularity should have resulted for the toaster, chafing dish, grill, waffle iron, percolator and the many other table conveniences, is not surprising.

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The women with a limited income will find that more things than are dreamt of even in her philosophy can be done with a black satin slip as a start. And if you want—as you probably do at this time of year—a cape, a sports suit, a street dress, or a practical evening gown, you'll find them in the Shopping Department.



There's a gag of hats and dresses for the woman in mourning in this number, too. And of course the original Vogue designs for spring clothes have just the right ideas for the spring materials that you have bought. You want this number of Vogue if you're going to be as well-dressed as usual this spring.

3 illustrations from the March 15 issue

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others show the New York and Paris Fashions

THE raised waist-line and the dashing frills of the Directoire, the straight, unbelted line from shoulder to hem or the wide skirts of a Spanish senorita, you'll find them all in the mode of today. And they're all in Vogue. Determine your type, madame, and dress accordingly.

March 15th VOGUE now on sale 35c a copy

CAN GERMANY PAY?

That is the question—brief in text, but stupendous in moment—that the whole world is asking to-day!

Allied chieftains, in conference at London, say what Germany CAN and MUST pay.

Their armies and battleships are ready to enforce their claims.

Germany says she cannot possibly pay the amount demanded.

THE NEW YORK HERALD has conducted a searching investigation into the conditions that actually exist in Germany. Mr. Raymond Swing, The Herald's investigator charged with this important mission, and for whose reliability The Herald vouches, has for the last three months studied at close range the economic, social, financial and industrial conditions of Germany in all their phases. He has visited all essential parts of the country.

The results of this most important investigation will be disclosed in a series of articles to be published DAILY in THE NEW YORK HERALD, COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 7.

The extreme value of these disclosures is self-evident.

The facts and figures they will contain will furnish many surprises.

The interest they are bound to create will be international in scope.

The Subjects of the Articles to be Published Follow:

Present Relations Between Politics and Monarchism.
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German Industry and the Coal Situation.

Large Dividends and Their Real Meaning.
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The Present Financial Situation and Prospects.
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The Condition of the Great Textile Industry.

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DAILY, Commencing Monday, March 7, in

THE NEW YORK HERALD